

Got It Twisted (Remix) [feat. Twista]

Mobb Deep

Yeah nigga
Once again
We have
MOBB nigga yeah a huh
Uh yeah, c'mon now, yeah yo yo Ain't no party once we crash the party
I'm might squeeze shorty, then vacate the party
You keep grillin', I'll pump pump the shotty
Put you in the trunk then dump dump the body
Nigga you don't know you betta ask somebody
Y'all get down we gonna clash probably
Peel snowflake out of the abercrombie
I'm tryin' to rip Britney so I made Jive sign me Nigga catch me in tha club with a double lead banger
I'm the wrong one to fuck with
Now I know the promoters I'm in with the musket
Pound of the haze and a box of Dutches
High to the cottonmouth
Paranoid, make the wrong move bitch and your ass is out
Like MOP nigga I'll mash you out
If I can't get your head swing by your house Y'all niggas got it twisted huh?
That liquor up in your U-charged
That truth come out when you drunk
Your ass won't make it to see tomorrow
Y'all niggas got it twisted huh?
That liquor up in your U-charged
That truth come out when you drunk
Your ass won't make it to see tomorrow We step up in the club with one thing
On our mind that's leave with something
Get rid of that ring get rid of those cuffs
We about to, girl
We about to, girl
We about to, girl
We about to, girl
We about to, girl Yo, party over here ain't shit over there
The Mobb Deep boys got it locked right here
Wherever we at we keep the cliques right there
So where ever there's beef is gettin' fixed right there
And they can't stop us, they too scared
They know a caliber thug shoot at heads nigga
QB drop you off at that bridge

Show you how we do it in Queens
Murder ain't shit nigga This is P talking show you where I live
You come right to my crib and get a fo shizz
There'll be manslaughter right in front of my kids
A little blood get on my daughter
That's nothing she'll live
Got cops shoot to death of us
We don't like D's
You never catch us runnin' with the police
You all niggas get your vests up
And ya'll better invest in some real heavy bulletproof paneling Y'all niggas got it twisted huh?
That liquor up in your U-charged
That truth come out when you drunk
Your ass won't make it to see tomorrow
Y'all niggas got it twisted huh?
That liquor up in your U-charged
That truth come out when you drunk
Your ass won't make it to see tomorrow We step up in the club with one thing
On our mind that's leave with something
Get rid of that ring get rid of those cuffs
We about to, girl
We about to, girl
We about to, girl
We about to, girl
We about to, girl

Songwriters

JONATHAN KERR, THOMAS ROBERTSON, KEJUAN MUCHITA, ALBERT JOHNSON Published by
Lyrics © CARLIN AMERICA INC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>